NUMBER 19

NEAR MINT

A FANZINE FOR STUDENTS FANS PROS COMIC BOOKS OLD MOVIES ART

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PRINCE VALIANT'S HAL FOSTER

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NEAR MINT

A FANZINE FOR STUDENTS FANS PROS COMIC BOOKS OLD MOVIES ART

AN AL DELLINGES PUBLICATION

NEAR MINT is a new magazine devoted to thoes who love good art, good old movies and good comic related stories, where ever thay may be found. I grew up with comics and great films, most of which were produced in the late thirties and forties. In searching for material for this book, I've come accross tons of gret features and articles that have been hidden too long. Our purpose is to share this entertainment with our readers and they can help by sharing thier long lost art related stories with us. If there's a memory of sorts, that brings a snicker or chuckle to the jaw line, send it along. If you send art work, please do not send originals, prints and good Xerox copies work just fine for reproductive purposes.

NEXT ISSUE THE ART OF JOHN GIUNTA

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PRINCE VALIANT'S

Hal Foster

Article reprinted from Pageant Magazine, 1949

Prince Valiant's Hal Foster

BY CLIVE HOWARD

Here's a man who deliberately spurns a fortune to make his comic strip a true work of art

■ IN THE NEWSPAPER cartoon industry, which now can boast that its 500 assorted strips entertain 70,000,000 people every week, the feature called *Prince Valiant* occupies a position roughly equivalent to that of the Metropolitan Opera Co. in the field of music. Its art work has all the quality of a fine book illustration and has excited even museum connoisseurs.

A book publisher is planning to try something new in the way of cartoon publishing—a stiff-backed, glossy-paper collection of *Prince Valiant* pages to sell for several dollars more than any other book of cartoons. And a composer is planning to turn *Prince Valiant* into an opera, a distinction that is hardly likely to fall to such features as the *Katzenjammer Kids* and *Popeye the Sailor*. Schools use it as an aid to teaching history.

Yet *Prince Valiant* is not necessarily highbrow. Its portrayal of life in England at the time of King Arthur may be so minute and exact as to inspire the envy of historians. But the story—a combination of high adventure and sly comment on domestic life—is enthralling even to people who have never visited a museum or read a history book.

The cartoon strip, *Prince Val-*

Foster spends up to 52 hours drawing his Sunday strip—and you can see why from this recent panel which contains approximately 150 separate characters

iant, has been described as "a pictorial story of a king's son, exiled from continental Europe to England in the time of King Arthur." *Valiant* is, of course, an illustrious member of the Knights of the Round Table, a tried and true comrade of Lancelot, Tritain, Gawain and Galahad. "Drawing his famous 'singing sword,'" say his syndicators, "he neatly slaughters exactly the right people across the pages of the Sunday papers."

Prince Valiant is by no means the most widely read cartoon feature. It appears only on Sunday in around 100 newspapers. Its creator, a tall, white-haired artist named Harold R. Foster, is content to remain in an income bracket which would seem like sheer poverty to the artists who draw features like *Blondie* and *L'il Abner*. Such features, appearing seven days a week, make as much as $100,000 yearly for their creators. Foster, however, steadfastly resists the urge to make more money. His story and his style of art, he insists, can only be done once a week or else the artistic standards will suffer.

Even done weekly, though, *Valiant* is hugely successful and enjoys a wide and intensely loyal following. —probably because all of us at one time or another feel that our 20th Century, for all its comforts and mass-production, is a bit cut-and-dried.

The world in which *Prince Valiant* lives is much less comfortable. It is a world in which men bind up their wounds with strips of cloth, and live at night by the light of sputtering candles. Life in Hal Foster's recreated days of King Arthur has a beautiful simplicity. Men fight for their honor at the drop of the most casual insult—and with weapons about as uncomplicated as the caveman's wooden club.

And to The Brave, of course, belong The Fair. The Fair, moreover, possess the type of fragile beauty which began to disappear from the face of the earth the moment The Fair began to think it had become a little too dependent on The Brave.

To any regular reader of *Prince Valiant,* it will come as no surprise that artist Foster has fallen in love with this world. Since long before he began drawing his strip in 1936, Foster has been a loving student of the King Arthur period. His library is full of old fiction, history

and scholarly tomes on heraldry. He reads a great deal, carefully cultivating the old idiom and watching for the flash of inspiration that will create a new adventure or a new romance.

The stories in *Prince Valiant* are told in beautiful and painstaking drawings and in a prose style which has a grace and elegance unlike any other strip. In one recent adventure *Prince Valiant* was sent as a spy to the court of villainous old King Tourien, a robber baron of fearful strength. He found himself alone among enemies inside the castle, dining with King Tourien and the king's three husky and barbaric sons.

The dining hall was dark and forbidding. At the head of the table greedy King Tourien's straggly chin whiskers quivered at the prospect of food. Along the sides, the three sons watched Valiant with cold and suspicious eyes.

Servants brought in great platters of nearly raw meat and huge tankards of ale. Valiant tried to eat with the gluttonous manners of his hosts—tearing at the meat with his fingers and teeth, letting big morsels drop to the cluttered table and to the dogs who roamed over the floor.

Valiant knew he was facing a severe test. Under the circumstances, a comic strip hero like Steve Canyon might have said, "Got to keep my wits now." A Li'l Abner would have said, "As any fool can plainly see, I better get out . . . *I* can see it!" Or a Moon Mullins might have said, "I gotta take it easy wit dese bums."

Artist Foster's idiom is quite different. He had Prince Valiant say—in the old English of the Round Table—"May fortune grant me a glib tongue this night!"

Prince Valiant passed his test. Even as the tankards of ale piled up on the table, he kept his "glib tongue." His hosts fell into a drunken stupor without once tricking him into betraying himself.

As Foster's old-fashioned prose described the scene: "The smoky torches burn out and one by one the candles sputter and die. Only the heavy tread of the sentries breaks the stillness. In this dread fortress dwells a small, mad king with mad ambitions. His murderous career must be ended, but how? A thousand knights could not take this impregnable castle!"

On subsequent Sundays, of course, King Tourien's "murderous career" was indeed ended, thanks to Valiant's quick thinking and physical strength. The adventure over, Valiant returned to his wife, the fair and blond Princess Aleta. And thus began one of the between-adventure interludes which to many readers are the chief delight of the strip.

The Prince (perhaps like all men everywhere, in whatever period of history) is brave and resourceful in the world of men, but somewhat baffled by the ways of women. And Princess Aleta (perhaps like all men's dreams of the perfect woman) is seemingly frail and helpless, yet fully competent of getting

her own way around men.

Theirs is the kind of love affair which has perhaps become impossible in the modern world of "equal rights." To Valiant, Aleta is beautiful, breathtaking, mysterious and in constant need of the protection a strong man affords. To Aleta, Valiant is brave, strong, handsome —and yet a little stupid, awkward and in constant need of a woman's helping and guiding hand.

As a lover, Valiant is perhaps no better than the average man—he is rough, tongue-tied and all a-tremble. Yet his Aleta could hardly care for him more. When he embraced her at his homecoming after the King Tourien adventure, artist Foster described her emotions in these words: "Aleta, her ribs cracking, squeezed against rough armor, uncomfortable as a piece of cheese against a grater, was content."

This is the world of King Arthur, of Prince Valiant—and of artist Foster. It is a world that holds readers of the strip enchanted—but none more fascinated than Foster himself.

"The more I learn about King Arthur's days," he has said, "the less I think of our modern civilization. True, life was often cruel in those days—but it was an honest brutality. At least they didn't justify it with a lot of virtuous platitudes, as we often do."

It is Foster's special loving care that keeps *Prince Valiant* so charming to its followers. On weekday mornings, Foster can usually be found in the studio of his Connecticut home about nine o'clock. At the start he usually swings his chair around to face the window, places his feet on the sill and stares out into the woodland scenery—across a little trout stream and to the top of a hill above.

Somehow this puts him in the mood for his work; his mind starts projecting back to King Arthur's times. Perhaps he will read a history book for awhile, or an old novel. And then the scenes and the phrases start coming to him—Valiant and Aleta, and all their friends and enemies, start moving through the woodlands of the Connecticut landscape.

His ideas go into a big looseleaf notebook, written in pencil in his almost illegible script. He works them out in full detail, describing the scenes and writing the dialogue. His composition is a labor of love and comes almost effortlessly —he already has a fairly detailed notion of what will happen all the rest of Valiant's life.

Prince Valiant grew up in the strip, and will grow old in the strip —at the rate of about two or three years for every one of a reader's years. He entered the cartoon world at the age of six—when his father King Aguar, his throne in the mythical kingdom of Thule usurped by outlaws, fled to the shores of England. While still in his teens, the young Prince started out on the series of adventures which saw him eventually accepted as a Knight at King Arthur's Round Table. Foster had him take over the throne by the simple device of leading an invasion against Thule and putting Val's

father on the throne once more.

Foster figures the Prince's present age at around 21 or 22. He met the Princess Aleta when he was 19. Foster, who strongly disapproves of the cartoon strip heroines who follow the heroes all over the world—unchaperoned and unmarried—married the two off a few months after they had met. In a little less than two years—Prince Valiant time—the Prince's heir was born. "In my strip," Foster says, in a tone of voice that usually goes with a fist pounding the table, "if it is time for a woman to have a baby—she has a baby."

Tiny Prince Arn, however, now matures at the rate of only one day a week. But there will come a time when young Prince Arn will grow up, and Prince Valiant will grow old, a lot faster. "After all," Foster explains, "even at his present slow rate of aging, there will come a time when Prince Valiant is going to be a little too old to go out into the field and joust with a lady's garter tied to his sleeve."

At the drawing board Foster applies the same affectionate care, and it takes him about 52 painstaking hours a week to produce his strip.

To most artists, a comic strip is an almost sure road to an ulcer; the pressure to get new ideas and meet deadlines is almost unbearable. The author of a humor strip like *Moon Mullins* must constantly worry about running dry of new "gags." The adventure strip like *Steve Canyon* must be geared closely to international events. The *Buck Rogers* type of scientific adventure has to move mighty fast these days to keep ahead of real laboratory developments.

Foster is probably the happiest of all cartoonists alive. Today's events may change, fads in humor may come and go and the scientists may invent things that make an adventure artist's wildest dreams seem mild by comparison—but King Arthur's court is permanent and immutable.

Since ideas come easily to him, Foster could add a daily strip to his Sunday drawings simply by putting in more hours at the drawing board. Or he could hire assistants, as many comic strip artists do. Easiest of all, he could simply stop putting so much time-consuming detail into his drawings.

From time to time, people have suggested to Foster that he follow one of these courses and thus move into the delightful luxury of the $100,000-a-year bracket. He has only scorn for such advice, expressing his distaste for material wealth with the comment, "Monkeys and bluejays also accumulate bright objects."

Even as a boy Foster thought—as did the knights of old—that happiness is more important than wealth. He was born in Nova Scotia, of an English-Prussian-Irish family which had seen better days, and had to go to work right after grammar school.

His start in the world of art was at the very bottom of the ladder. He was hired to draw sketches of women's underwear—the kind with numerous buttons and lace around

the knees—for the mail order catalogue of the Hudson Bay Company.

By the time he was almost 30, he found himself stuck in a job with no future and with the necessity of supporting a wife and two sons. Gambling everything, he sold all his family possessions and moved to Chicago. There he got a job in an engraving plant and began taking art lessons.

In 1933, when he was earning his living at an agency of free-lance artists who did advertising illustrations, he was asked to draw the Sunday page of the cartoon strip *Tarzan and the Apes*. He was a little contemptuous of the cartoon world and put in as little time as possible on the first few strips.

Strangely, fan letters started pouring in immediately. Newspaper readers liked Foster's style even if he wasn't trying his best. The letters changed his whole outlook.

He began working seriously on the strip and soon it was recognized as the best drawing job in the business. After three years he was ready to strike out on his own—and King Features gave him a chance to try *Prince Valiant* on the public.

Foster has never regretted his decision to abandon serious painting for the comic strip field.

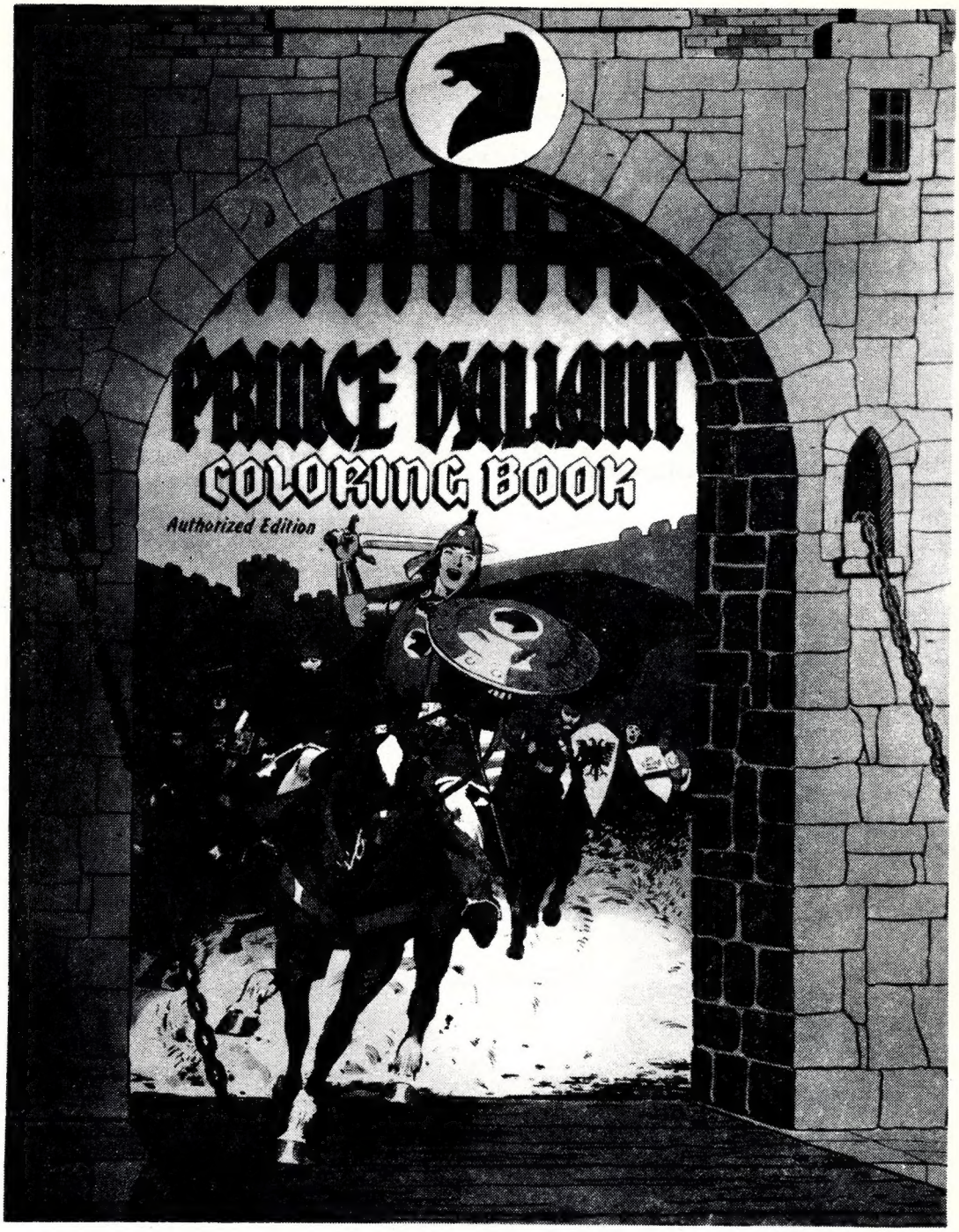
Recently, when he was lecturing before a woman's club in New Jersey, one of the members rose to complain about the bad influence of comic strips on children. She exempted the work of Foster, of course—his strip has been approved by so many educators as to be above suspicion—but asked him if the rest of the industry didn't need a house-cleaning.

Presumably she expected to find strong support from the scholarly and mild-mannered Mr. Foster. Instead he told her, "Let's say the average youngster spends a half hour a day on the comics. If that half hour can undo the good that parents are supposed to do in the other 23½ hours, madam, whose fault would you say that was?" ■ ■

Of course, Prince Valiant is in

The San Francisco Examiner

Recent surveys have shown that Prince Valiant is one of the most popular comic-adventure strips in the United States. It's just one of the many attractive elements of the paper.



Besides the Prince Valiant comic strip, Foster engaged in a few other art ventures. One being the Prince Valiant Coloring Book, pictured above, and a book titled, "The Young Knight", that deals with two young boys, about the age of ten, and a special item that he worked on in 1942, illustrating the story of Bernafette as a daily feature in mant newspapers. There is also an excellant story about Foster in the 1966 Fall issue of "The World Of Comic Art" published by Dorthy Mc Greal in California. Dorthry still has copies of this issue available and if you'd like a copy for about $5 drop me a line.

Bernadette tried to cross herself...

Copyright © 1942' Viking Press

Two illos from the daily strip by Foster from 'The Song Of Bernadette. Foster illos

"We must investigate...

The Young Knight

A Tale of Mediæval Times

Copyright © 1945 King Features Synd.

Hal Foster art copy-Al Dellinges

Hal Foster art copy-Al Dellinges

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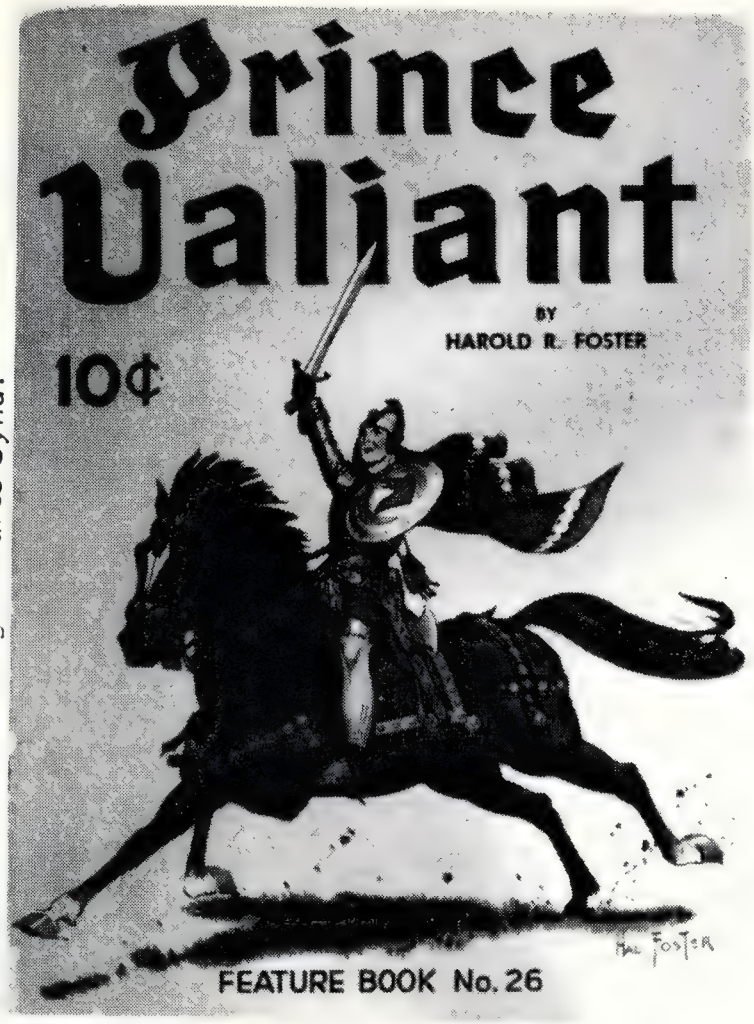

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Foster illos from American Cartoonist Mag.

Hal Foster Art

Hal Foster

STAN SYPULSKI

Cartoonist's Work Speaks for Him

MARLBORO — Stanley J. Sypulski of 37 Liberty St., cartoonist and photoengraver for the Enterprise - Sun Newspapers lets his work speak for him.

His accomplishments are many but as in many other professions, Stan had to struggle to attain the success he enjoys today.

One of his idols died several years ago, and was none other than the late Al Banx, a cartoonist for the Worcester Telegram and the Evening Gazette.

Stan remembers Banx well. "He and I corresponded when I was 19 years old. At that time I was drawing cartoons for the Webster Times," Sypulski said.

He advised Stan to go to art school or take up some trade, since jobs in those days, especially for a cartoonist, were hard to come by.

"There are many angles to this game," Banx wrote, "and a great many uses for artists, not only as cartoonists, but as engravers, designers, ad men and a number of other positions."

Sypulski took Banx's advice. He took a half dozen correspondence courses in art and studied photoengraving.

Born in Webster, he spent much of his early life there. He served four years in the Army Signal Corps with the rank of sergeant from 1943 to 1947.

He was graduated from Meriden, Conn., Trade School learning the machine and printing trades.

SERVED IN ARMY

While in the Army he was a company draftsman, put out the camp newspaper at Ft. Benning, Ga., and did cartoon sketching. He also sketched wives, sweethearts and children for the soldiers.

At Camp Crowder, Missouri, after Stan had sketched Lt. Col. Francis X. Phelan it was said of him: "Sypulski's fame as an artist can now be attested to by none other than Lt. Col. Phelan. A striking pen and ink portrait of the colonel by Sypulski is currently receiving critical acclaim from local military dignitaries."

After discharge from the service, Sypulski attended photoengraving school in Aurora, Missouri. That same year, 1947, he went to work for the Marlboro Daily Enterprise.

He got the thrill of his life, when in 1950, a representative of the Walt Disney studios was visiting the local schools and saw Stan's work and asked him to work for Disney. "I had just purchased a home and my money was tied up in a lot of photoengraving equipment at the time," Sypulski said.

WON SEAL CONTEST

Stan's accomplishments read like a Who's Who. Much of his artistry has been reprinted in national publications.

In 1960, when Marlboro was looking for a seal for its tercentenary celebration, Stan entered the contest and won it with an Indian design. In 1964, he won the Chamber of Commerce seal contest.

His specialty, though, is portraits. One he cherishes is of President John F. Kennedy, which he drew shortly after his assassination. It was reprinted and distributed throughout New England.

Hollywood personalities occupy a great amount of space in his home studio as well. After completing a sketch of Ronald Reagan, now governor of California, he received a note from Jane Wyman, Reagan's wife at that time, about how the drawing occupied a special place in their home.

Today, Stan's work is still admired by readers of the Enterprise - Sun. His cartoons of local dignitaries, current events and sports celebrities have strong and wide readership appeal.

He is married to the former Lottie Dembinski of Webster and although much of his art work is done at home, he welcomes working in the newspapers' new Maple Street facility.

STANLEY J. SYPULSKI at his Liberty Street home with sketch board, pen, and the many cartoons he has drawn over the years.

Stan Sypulski Art

TOM
'PAP'
PAPROCKI

Stan Sypulski

OLD TIME COMIC CREATORS

Often called the Dean of American Cartoonists, Goldberg was born in San Francisco in 1883.

A graduate of college of mining in 1904, Rube worked as engineer for six months. He resigned to accept a job on the San Francisco Chronicle, sweeping up the art department; later got a foothold here and became a sport cartoonist.

In 1907, he came East to New York and landed a job on the old Evening Mail, created a comic strip called "Mike and Ike", later drew a syndicated strip, both daily and Sunday, the ever popular "Boob McNutt".

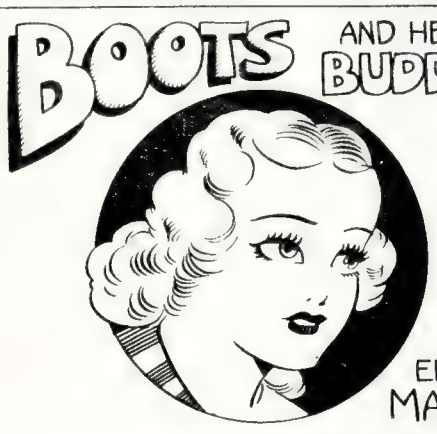
Did editorial cartoons for the New York Sun until this paper suspended publication.

Signed with the Journal American and King Features Syndicate, has written and sketched for many books and magazines.

Won the Pulitzer Prize in 1948 for his editorial cartoon.

He was one of the original founders of the famous Artists Cartoon School in Westport, Conn.

Although Rube Goldberg has since passed away, he left his mark as one of America's cartoon greats.



"Boots And Her Buddies" featured a blond girl and her companions, which appeared in newspapers for over thirty-six years.

Edgar Martin, creator of the strip, was born in Indianapolis in 1898. As a son of a college professor, Edgar drew insects, lizards and frogs for his father's biology classes.

After one year of college, he quit to attend art classes in Chicago.

In 1921, he joined the Newspaper Enterprise Association, where he drew several comics with varying success.

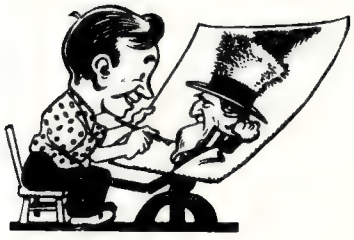
It was three years later when he created "Boots And Her Buddies". He attended style shows and read the fashion magazines just to dress Boots in the latest fashions.

These details in dress paid off and Boots was known as the sweetheart of the comics and had a tremendous following by high school and college students. They loved this glamour girl and were delighted in reading about her romances.

This popular comic had ceased when its creator died in 1971.

Stan Sypulski Art

Stan Sypulski Art



Cartoonist
Stan Sypulski

P. O. BOX 5
MARLBORO, MASS. 01752

Bob Lubbers
SECRET AGENT X-9

WHERE WERE YOU

DEC. 7
1941

Bob Lubbers

Jeez, how old memories are stired up by that question, (Dec.7, 1941, where were you?) and all your love-labored collections of the "Golden Age". What a gang we had at Fiction House- Johnny Celardo, Mike Peppe, Frank Doyle(who with his lovely wife Clair, Grace and I get together with at least several times a year-wish it were more!), Charlie Sultan, Dan Zolne, George Tuska, Graham Ingalls, George Evans, Lily Renee, Fran Hopper, etc etc Murphy Anderson-Raf Astarita- and a little kid who used to come up and see us now and then with the latest, his "character" Panther Lady - Frank Frazetta, can you believe it? He used to sit at our feet, and now how we idolize his achievements! Then there was my good buddy Artie Saff, and that cherubic rascal Nick Viscardi (Cardy, now). What grand and glorious times we had together.

The wall behind me was loaded with the greatest caricatures we'd do of one another- Mike Peppe may know what happened to them all- but if I had 'em, they'd decorate my den for sure! But then on Dec. 7,it was all blown. Many of us left, some of us came back. Anyway on that Sunday (it was early afternoon I remember), my bride to-be and I and a couple of our teen-age friends were dealing out a hand of bridge, (can you believe that?). We were in Graces living room, when her dad came charging down the stairs from his room where he'd heard the news on the radio. Before the end of the week I'd driven down to Fort Belvori Virginia to enlist in the engineers, thinking what a great camonflagist I'd be. Well, the Col- down there, kindly turned me back to the old homestead with a more realistic program to work on. I enlisted as an Aviation Cadet, and went on from there. But that's another story-

Back to that Fiction House gang- what a great re-union it would be. Mebbe some day.- As for the "enshrinement" of our art work of those days, mine especially, I never really thought we were that good, and still think it was all pretty crude stuff then. There were some stars, but certainly not me and tho' it would be an ego trip to bask in the glory of some shimmery residue from the initial "big bang", I'm afraid it's too hard to fake plandits. Now I can draw. but it took a long time, and constantant analysis of my own "left-eyed" stuffto bring my drawing ability to a pro-level. To the great artists of that time, congratulations and thanks for the inspiration. To all the others who were also my friends it's great to think how much fun it would be to see you again.

Best to you, Al- and thanks-

Bob

Bob Lubbers Art

SHA SILENTLY ADMIRED TARZAN, BUT SHE SPOKE WITH COMPOSURE. "WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS?" "TO FREE SHERMAN AND RETURN THE PLAQUE TO HIM, FOR HE IS THE RIGHTFUL OWNER," REPLIED THE APE-MAN.
BOB Lubbers
Copr 1950 Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc – Tm Reg U S Pat Off
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Bob Lubbers Art

Bob Lubbers Art

MOVIE COMICS

No. 1 10¢

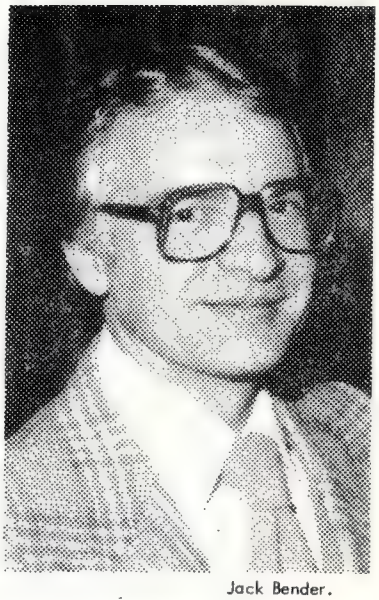
Bob Lubbers Art

WORLD PREMIERE OF HOLLYWOOD HIGHLIGHTS

CARTOONIST

JACK BENDER

Jack's first sports cartoon was published in 1947, and his work has appeared in magazines and newspapers since 1948. His work has appeared as a regular feature in the University of Iowa's football programs for over 30 years. In addition to "Digest" books, he has done a number of sports drawings and paintings for books and magazines ranging from a wrestling biography to an exercise booklet.



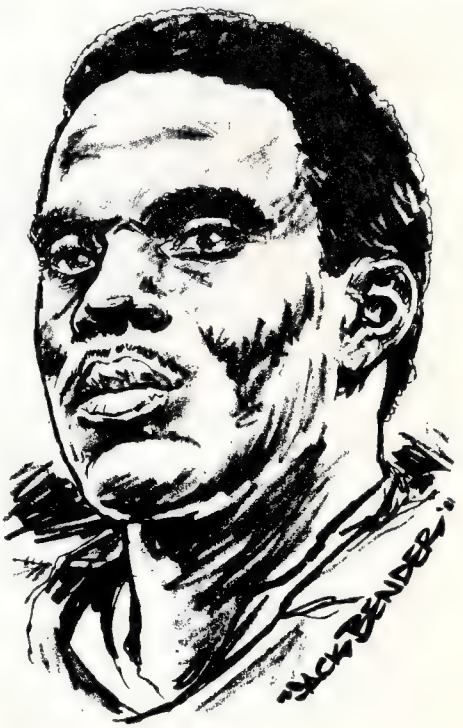
Jack Bender.

Jack started doing editoral cartoons on a regular basis in 1958 when he was editor of a suburban newspaper in St. Louis. He then went back to the University of Missouri in 1961 to get his Master's degree in Journalism, with emphasis on editorial cartooning and its history.

Jack then moved to Waterloo because he was seeking a smaller population area (150,000 metropolitan as opposed to 1.5 million in St. Louis) and now works on a home-owned newspaper. Jack is now associate editor of the newspaper and has won five minor national editoral cartooning awards.

Jack is a member of the American Editorial Cartoonists and was a member for many years of the National Cartoonists Society. Jaack got started collecting orígínal cartoons by other artists because he was interested in seeing the size they worked and the materials they used.

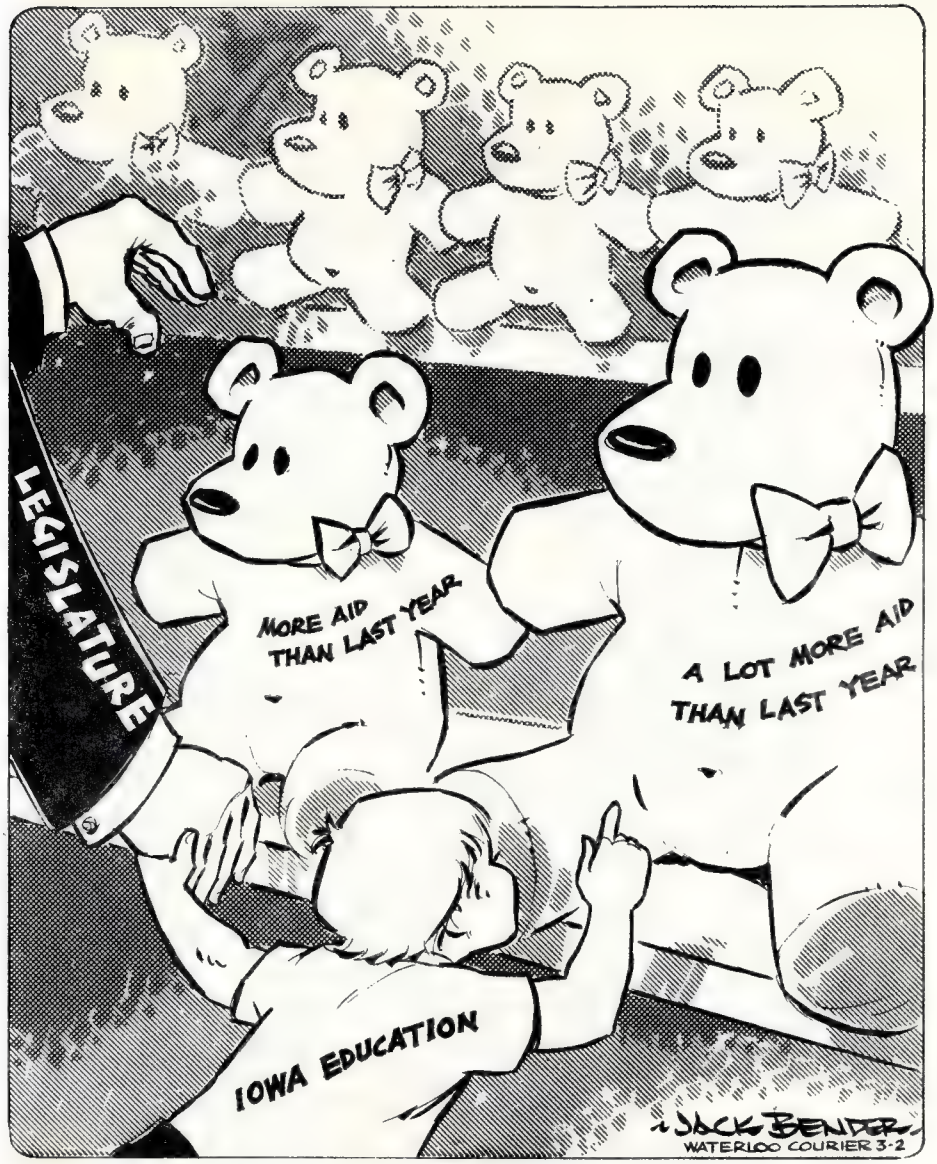
Kelly Ellison

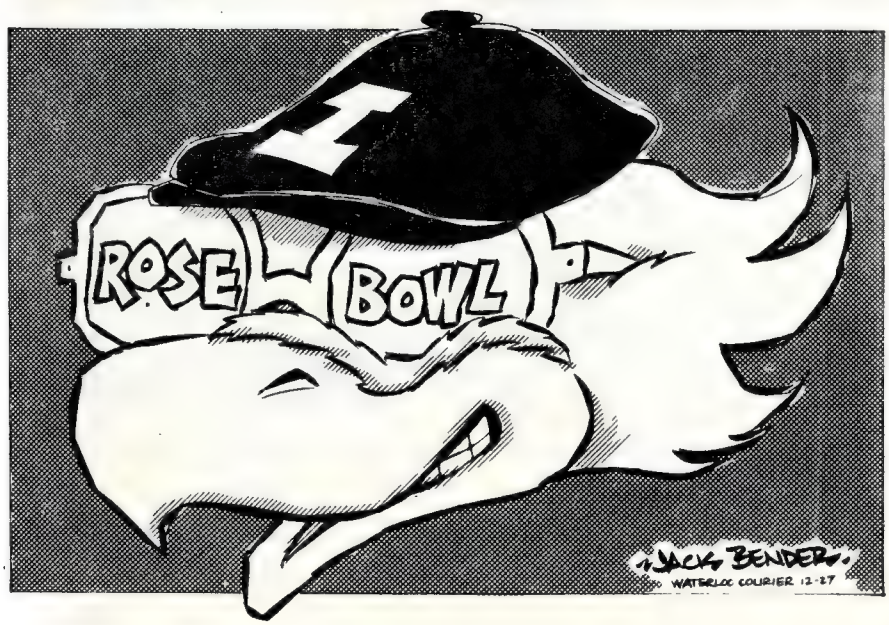


Jack Bender Art

The above sketch of Nile Kinnick is one of Jack's favorite sports drawings. Nile was the 1939 Heisman Trophy Winner at the University of Iowa who later gave his life in military service during World War II. The drawing, by Jack, was used in the Iowa football program in 1979, which was the anniversary of the great Iron Man team of '39. It will also be used on the cover of a book about Kinnick this fall.

Jack Bender Art





Jack Bender art

Making a Model Comeback

Lillian Marcuson was on many magazine covers in the '50s

Hartford Courant photo

At age 52, Lillian Marcuson is modeling again

BY JEANNE MAGLATY

West Hartford, Conn.

Most aspiring models never make it in New York once. But Lillian Marcuson, whose classic beauty graced the covers of top magazines in the 1950s, has become a Manhattan model twice. She is embarking on a second career at age 52. And although landing jobs is not as easy for her now as it was the first time around, thanks to changing public attitudes a middle-aged model is no longer considered an oddity.

"Lovely Lillian Marcuson, the camera dream girl with flower-fresh beauty" (as one cosmetics ad read) was a top New York model whose career spanned the years 1948 to 1956.

Vogue, Charm, Bride, Cosmopolitan, Look, Life — Marcuson made all of their covers. She was photographed by New York's top fashion photographers. She was the first American model to travel through France for the Paris collections. She made television commercials for Pepsodent, Knickerbocker beer and many other clients. Five movie studios offered her contracts.

But in 1956, making family and home an exclusive career was an attractive lure for women. When Marcuson learned that her second child was on the way, she gave up her modeling work and a salary of $25,000 a year for working three days a week.

Last May, Marcuson decided it was time to return to work. A second income had become a necessity, and her three children were 21, 25 and 30.

When she saw model Carmen dell'Orefice, one of her contemporaries back in the '50s, in an ad for Zayre's it gave her a nudge toward Manhattan.

Marcuson's timing, as it turned out, was just right. The prestigious Ford modeling agency, where she had worked 30 years ago, officially began handling "mature models" last year. Marcuson became one of 14 women over age 35 in Ford's Classic Women Division.

The daughter of Swedish immigrants, Marcuson had to lose just 7 pounds to return to a perfect size 8. She is 5-foot-7 and weighs 118. She dressed one day recently in a white angora sweater with puffy sleeves and full-cut black skirt -- an outfit that would make 24 out of 25 women look like chubby penguins.

If Marcuson has self-doubts about her middle-aged appearance, her family vigorously attempts to dispel them. Her husband, Joseph Rekas, and two of her children, Patty and Bobby, joined her during a recent interview.

When she posed for a newspaper photographer, Patty reassured her mother that her hair and hands looked all right. As she was answering questions, Joseph came from another room when she called for help.

Bobby pointed out his favorite photograph of his mother, which hangs in the basement rec room. The picture shows a young, spirited, beautiful woman seated in a passenger seat on a bicycle with her knees to her chest and her hair blowing in the wind. The photo hangs in the basement, Bobby explained, because his mother doesn't like it.

Since the '50s, the "look" for models has changed from lovely, formal, almost unreal girls to gregarious gymnasts with clownish expressions to seductive girl-women. Marcuson — goddess-like in the '50s — will now appear within the bounds of propriety for her age, no doubt taking on the appearance of an elegant grandmother, sophisticated hostess or successful corporate executive.

How did she feel going back to the studio? "Scared, insecure," Marcuson readily admitted. "I was afraid everyone would think I was just an old woman coming back. But as soon as I got in front of the camera," she continued, "I was relaxed."

Despite her opportune timing, Marcuson said, finding jobs hasn't been a breeze.

She said she was turned down for one denture adhesive job because she was "too pretty" and for another job where she was supposed to appear on a boat because she looked "too sophisticated" to mop the deck. ("They should see me mop the kitchen floor.") For the modeling jobs she has landed, the salary was $150 an hour or $1500 a day, with Ford getting 20 percent.

Marcuson said she was surprised to see young models show up for assignments in dungarees and no makeup. Twenty-five years ago, a model had to be on the job with her hair and makeup done. Now, she sits with the makeup artist for one to two hours and the hair designer for at least a half hour.

Huge exclusive modeling contracts with one firm (like Brooke Shields' work for Calvin Klein jeans) and national fame are two recent developments in the field. "We weren't stars in those days. People didn't know you all over the country, just in New York and in your hometown," she said.

Hartford Courant

CHARLES STARRETT

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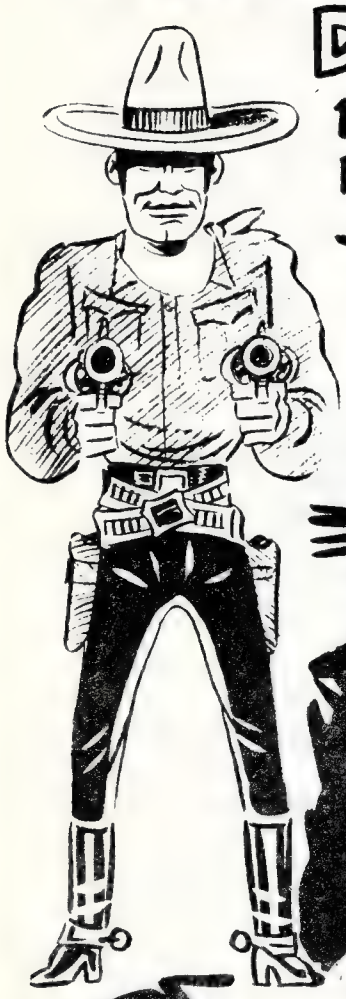

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Rap with Ray

RAY FUNK'S COLUMN

As with everything, there comes a time when you dread writing about something or someone , this time concerning a friend on mine and fandom that has passed on. His name is Fred Whitledge, age 66, a result of his fifth and final heart attack in December, 1981. Fred was teaching in high school in Fontana California, and is survived by his wife Alice and three chrildren.
Fred was a collector and had many hobbies. His collections included comics, all types of books, coins , stamps and antique watches, to name a few

I've mentioned Fred in many of my past articles and the well known figures that he had associated with. He was instrumental in handling the estates of Edgar Rice Burroughs and Frederick Faust(MAX BRAND) Fred also published several fanzines *with Bill Clark, "The* Hitching Rail and The Fabulous Faust *Fanzine".*

Fred gave his personal collection of E.R.B.manuscripts ,pulps and comics to the restored Burroughs Library museum to replace those that were destroyed in the Burroughs Estates fire. Fred wanted the fans to enjoy the things he did, rather than store them away for profit like many speculators do today. Fred would never be out done in generosity, ask any collector who did business with him.

Fred was working on an index compiling data on all Western and Detective pulps from 1880 to 1965. Until the death of Bill Clark a few years ago, Fred had help on this enormous project, but then continued alone. As of this writing, these files are in the process of being forewarded to L.A. Robbins of Tulsa Oklahoma, a pulp compiler in his own right, having a collection of over 60,000 pulps. I'm sure Fred would be please to see his pet project being continued. He was an exceptionally brilliant man, he could discuss any subject imaginable, had a memory like a set of encyclopedias, was very sharp witted and total recall. He liked science fiction and had written many SF articles for SF fanzines. His eyes would 'light up' when discussing the old authors that are no longer active. W.C.Tuttle was one of Fred's favorite authors. Tuttle had an outrageous sense of humor and a magical way of putting it on paper. No matter how serious the story might be, you would find humorous situations, but essentually they were all mysteries, and that was something that Fred really liked.

Fred was in colege when World War II started and was the first volunteer to join the service West of the Mississippi and spent the next 4½ years in the U.S. Navy.

Fred liked sports and sports stories, fact or fiction, just as much as he did Western's. He played baseball as a young man and later on he was very active coaching. He wanted to be a pitcher and would have followed a career in baseball, had not the war interupted his plans, but as he put, his country came first.

Another unique thing about Fred was that he never critized another person because of his belief, actions, mode of dress, or appearance, but seemed to be able to look into the soul of that person, and like that other Oklahoman, Will Rogers, never met a person that he didn't like.

I will miss Fred more that words can express, and as time goes on, so will fandom, Fred was one of the'giants', content to stay in the background, always ready to contribute, and never caring to reap the glory for his endeavors.
I attended the eugoly held for him at his high school, many of his students and former students wept.

Of late there have been many good actors, comic artists and other famous people pass on, but I can't help but wonder if they were as well thought of as Fred? He was tryly a great man.

So long Fred, and as one cowboy actor would put it,

"Happy Trails"

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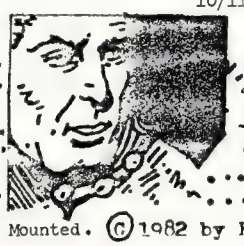

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(All pages above are autographed by Rudy Nebres.)
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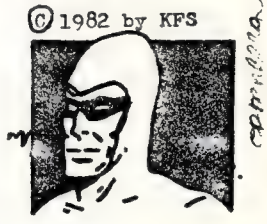

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SPECIAL SUNDAY: Tim Tyler's Luck/Lyman Young...8/28/38. Exceptional. $230.-

ARTIST APPEARS ON TV TALK SHOW

Famed illustrator and Cartoonist, SHELDON OPPENBERG appeared as a guest on the JOE FRANKLIN SHOW on December 15th on WOR-TV (NY) ...Channel 9. Sheldon was surrounded by two beautiful and talented singers ...English songstress JULIE GRANT and PAMELA HALEY (both at the Playboy Club at the time). Earlier in the program, Joe Franklin spoke with the very lovely actress/entertainer EDIE ADAMS. Ms. Adams was a delight as she spoke about her almond farm in California.

Singers Joe Derise and Jackie Paris added to the festivities. Writer/author Jane Norman discussed her new book about teenagers.

SHELDON OPPENBERG showed several of his drawings to the camera including caricatures of Mick Jagger of the Rolling Stones, a stylized drawing of the late Freddie Prinze, a drawing of actor Sherman Hemsley. OPPENBERG may have landed an assignment while on the air... Joe Franklin suggested that he possibly illustrate Julie Grant's next album cover...she thought it would be a great idea too. Naturally, so did the artist! To be Continued...

Also, in the studio, was OPPENBERG'S very lovely wife Lita.

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MITCHELL O'CONNELL

Designer of Japan's Zero Fighter Dies

Tokyo

Jiro Horikoshi, designer of the Japanese Zero fighter of World War II, died of pneumonia yesterday in a Tokyo hospital. He was 78.

Horikoshi was an aeronautical engineer who designed several military aircraft in the 1930s, but his best known was the so-called Zero, a single-engine fighter designed for aircraft carrier use by the Japansese navy and built for agility rather than endurance.

More than 10,400 were built by Mitsubishi Heavy Industries Ltd. during World War II. Only eight are believed to still exist in museums.

Armed with two machine guns and two 20mm cannon, the lightweight fighter could outfly every American combat plane in use at the start of the war.

Although it had been used in China as early as mid-1940, allied knowledge of Japanese aviation was so poor that the Zero's performance came as a surprise when it took part in the attack on Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941.

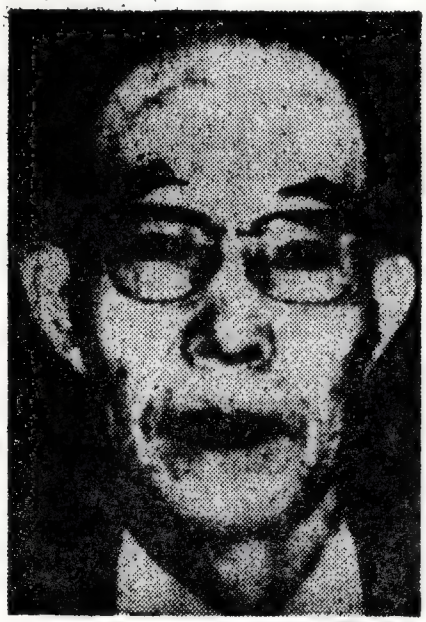
The actual designation of the plane was A6M Type 00 — the double zero referring to the year it entered operational service, 2600 on the Japanese calendar based on the legendary ascension of the Emperor Jimmu to Japan's throne, 1940 on the western calendar. It was quickly nicknamed the Zero by American pilots, and the name stuck.

Because it could climb faster and turn more tightly than its heavier U.S. counterparts, the Japanese fighter shot down so many American planes in the early part of the war that "never dogfight a Zero" became a serious maxim.

The Zero's main weakness was that its light construction and unprotected fuel tanks made it highly vulnerable to gunfire.

It was not until 1942-43, when the U.S. Navy's Grumman Hellcat and Vought Corsair and the Army's Lockheed P-38 Lightning went into service, that American aircraft could dominate the Zero in high-altitude combat.

Associated Press



AP Wirephoto

JIRO HORIKOSHI
He created the famous plane

Reprinted from Necrophantsy #5

EDITORIAL

On Sept. 5, 1981 Lee Brown Coye passed from this mortal coil.

His was a name, well-known to Lovecraftians and to lovers of the macabre in general, but his talents had never confined themselves to such a narrow field. His gruesome illustrations for WEIRD TALES, FANTASTIC and various Arkham House books were but a fraction of his overall output.

There were historical paintings, anatomical illustrations, architectural drawings and constructs. Silver-castings, wood-carvings, oil paintings, water colors, pen-and-inks and "scratchboard" illustrations were just some of the mediums he used to create these divers treasures.

His work ranged in scale from military miniatures (an HO gauge diorama of "The Great Locomotive Chase" of the Civil War for Rail City in Mexico, among others) to life-size figures created for the barracks at the French and Indian War installation at Lake George, NY.

Whatever the project, be it a decaying corpse to illustrate a horror story, a silver cast of a whale (one of his greatest loves), or explaining technique to a classroom of amateur painters, Coye approached it with the same dedication and artistic integrity. And, most of all, with a love of what he was doing.

I first came in contact with Coye's work in 1969 when I obtained a copy of THE NIGHT SIDE (ed. August Derleth, 1947). I wasn't immediately taken with his style (and still feel that those illos in THE NIGHT SIDE are minor), but as my collection of Arkham House books and issues of WEIRD TALES magazine grew I became more aware of the overall superiority of his graphic interpretations to those of mostof his contemporaries. I came to love his distorted travesties of the human form, the bloated rats, the disintegrating architecture and the fantastic flora.

His style was unique. Totally unlike anything that preceded it and so unusual that no one has succesfully imitated it since. He blended the grotesque with the absurd and created a comedy which could send chills down your spine (and back up again!).

It wasn't until Stu Schiff came out with his special Lee Brown Coye issue of WHISPERS that I began to realize how small a portion of Coye's overall work I was currently aware of.

It will take a long time to catalog everything he did -- if everything can be located and identified -- but I feel it should be done.

With this issue of NECROPHANTASY I am trying to get that catalog started (in my own small way) by indexing all of Coye's illustrations and paintings for WEIRD TALES. To break the monotony of these seemingly endless lists I have included some of Coye's illustrations from WT -- I don't claim these to be his best work, but feel them to be representative and have tried to use drawings which have not been reprinted elsewhere. (All illos are 77% of their original printed size).

Maybe in a future issue I'll index his work in FANTASTIC.

For now tho', fantasy has lost one of its true artisans and there's no-one (to my mind) currently working in the field who can fill the void.

In respectful memory of Lee I dedicate this issue to :

Ruth Carmody Coye
Chuck Westfall
Rik Stopyra
& Tim McDermott

without whose help and encouragement this issue would have been impossible.

Thanks to Rik Stopyra for sending this data on Coye along.

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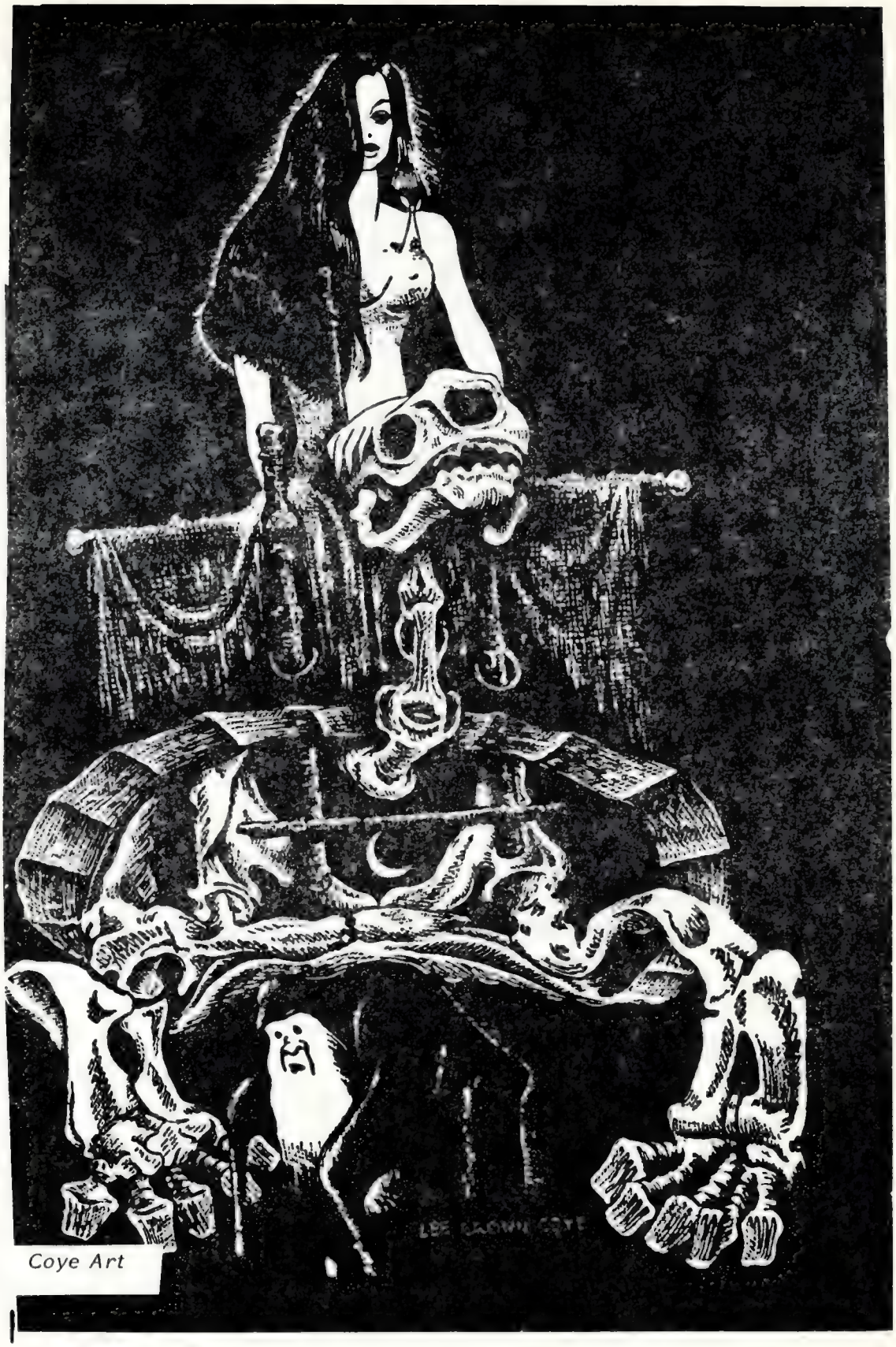

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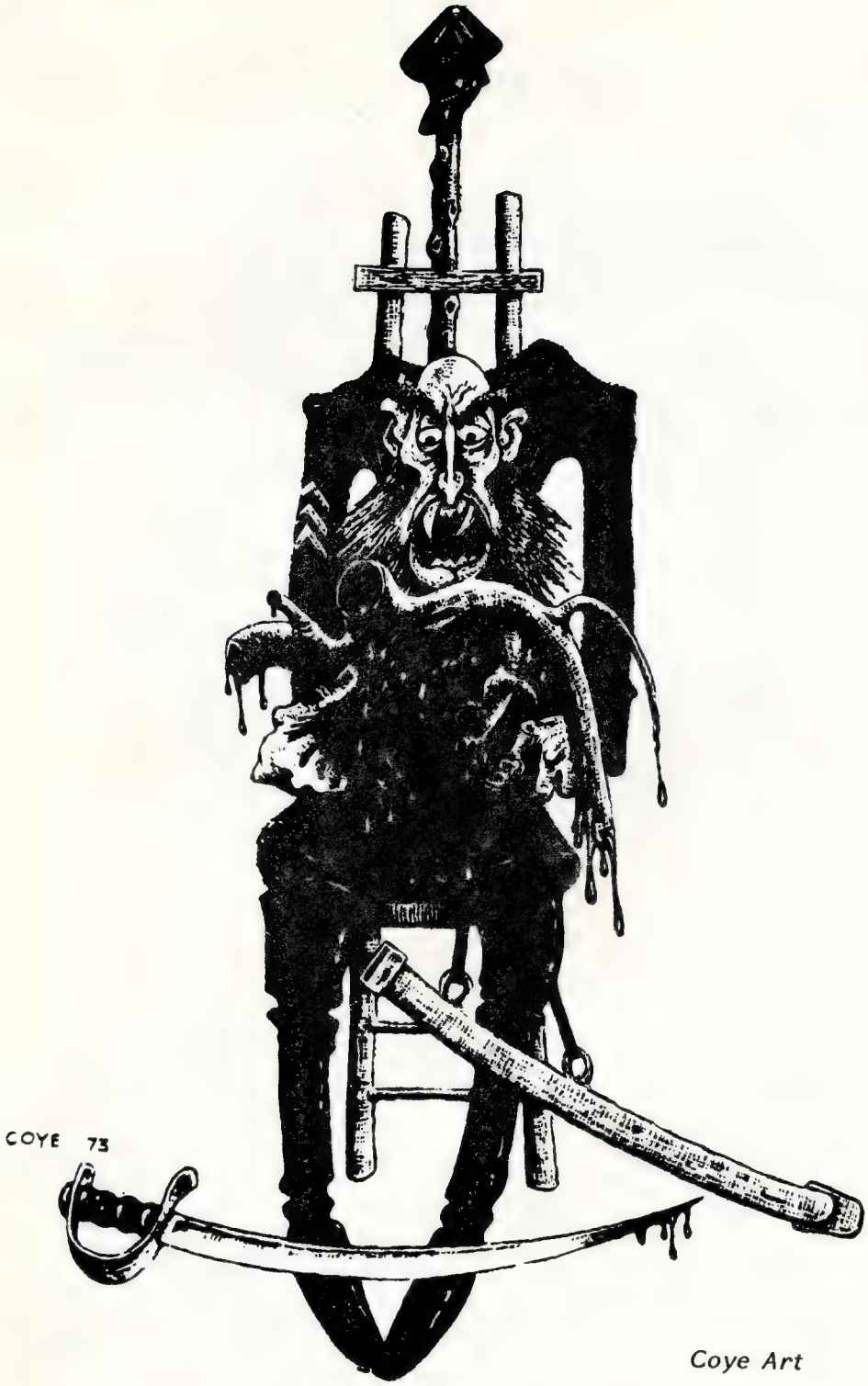


Coye Art

MEET THE COLLECTOR

ED KRONSBEIN

My comic book collection numbers about 13,000 copies, and is comprised of mostly the last twenty years - Marvel, DC, Charlton, Glod Key, Tower, Archie, etc. I have only a handful of books from the Golden Age and the fifties - mostly horror comics, including a number of Gleason Daredevils and Boys.

I also have many reprints of pre-code books, and unless my finances improve dramatically, I'll have to stick with just reprints. Russ Cochran has supplied me with ample EC material and from various dealers I've amassed reprinted Fawcett, Quality, and other material. But since reading "Me To Your Leader Take" in 'All In Color For A Dime', I've been quite interested in seeing some issues of Planet Comics, especially those with the 'Lost World' series.

MEET THE COLLECTOR

RALPH JOHNSON

I bought the two copies of "History Of Comics" by Jim Sterenko in 1974 and in reading them became very interested in the old comics, and started collecting the well known Golden Age books, DC, Fawcett, Quality, Etc. But then as my interest developed further, I started to look for the 'oddball' oldies, Centaurs Amazing Man, Amazing Mystery, and Timelys' like Daring Mysterys with The Fin, The Blue Diamond and others. My collection is limited, but I keep on looking.

After all this time, I still haven't lost my interest in the old comics - To see the work of men like Lou Fine, Will Eisner, Bill Everett, Siegel and Schuster etc. still gives me a thrill It seems that when comics first started in the late thirties there was a vitality that these brought to their work that is lacking in comics today.

Ralph Johnson

Ralph Johnson Art

MEET THE COLLECTOR

'SUPERMAN COMICS #2 for $6.00'

Editor's note;

We received this letter from one of our readers, and thought you'd enjoy reading it.

In one of your issues of Near Mint I read of someone buying comics from Frank Nussel. I also bought from Nussel from 1960 through 1965. One of the last letters I received from him was in 1965. I was sitting in a tent in Nha Trang, Viet Nam, and a friend of mine said, "I know him, he lives down the street from me, he sells comic books to people through the mail."
As a parting shot in 1962, Nussel had Superman #2 for sale for $6.00. Guess What! I didn't buy it, oh well!

DC Comics, inc.

These are the words of Ed Berkes of Blue Island, Illinois, and we all know exactly how you feel Ed.

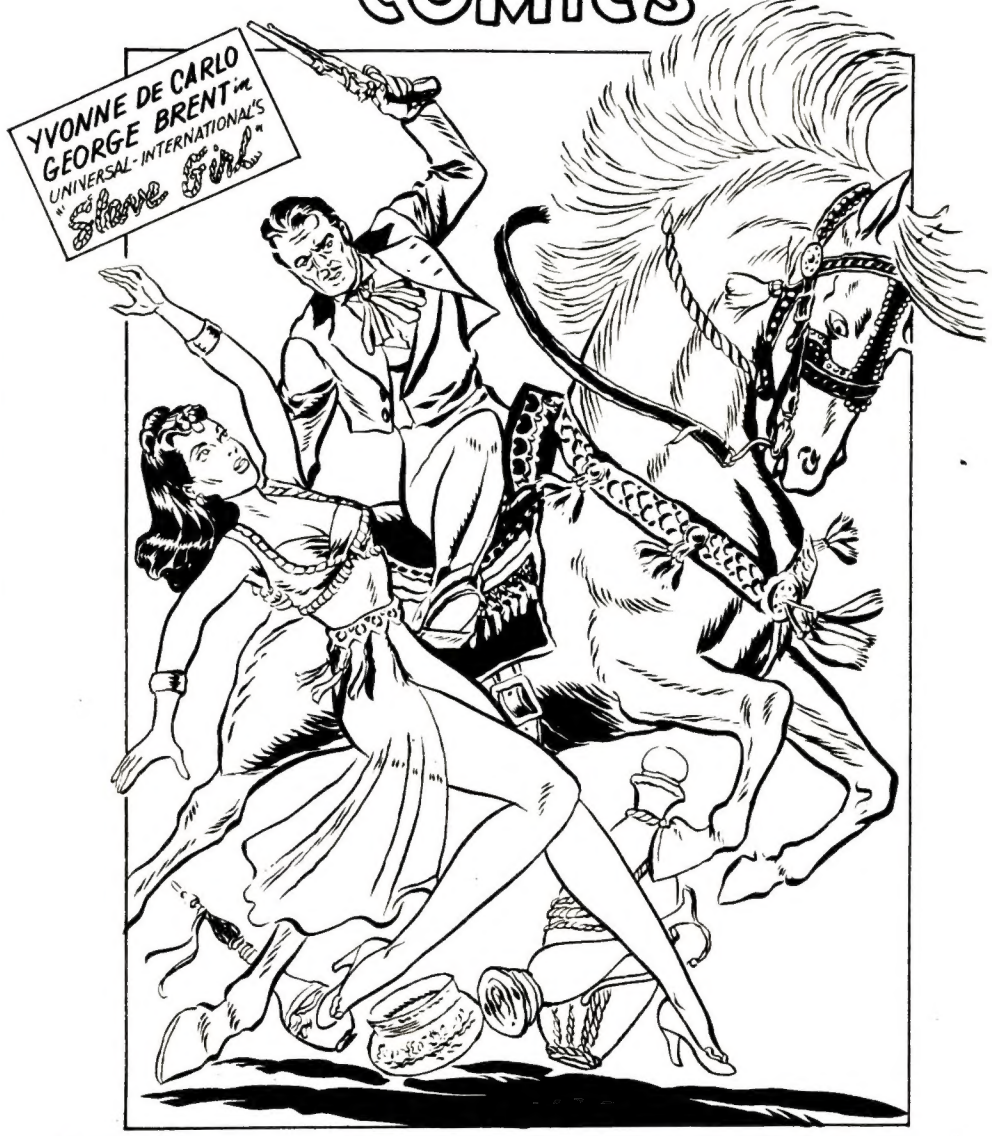
Ed Berkes

MOVIE COMICS

1947

No. 4

10c



Red Skelton in MGM's Comedy Cavalcade of Hollywood!

"MERTON of the MOVIES"

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